



A Restful Place



👁 15 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Ricky Advani

The Touch down on the Heathrow Airport was just a few minutes away. The gigantic bird, Airbus A380 took fourteen hours to bring me to my destination. I thought at least a two hours rest would revive me, Unfortunately, the hailstone hammering on the sleek steel body prevented me from doing so. The stones pelted as if like a rapid machine gun on fire

The giant hunk of metal had landed on the partially burnt out asphalt runway covered by a veil of ice and snow. I would rather prefer travelling in a corvette than flying in this hunk of monstrosity. A sense of relief and satisfaction appeared on my face as I walked almost half of this airport. Finally, I reached the baggage claim area. Wandering around for the correct conveyor belt was quite annoying.

Spotting and finding my bag was the next big task,

There it is!Swinging around the conveyor belt which reminded me of the nostalgic days when I would experience the joy and excitement of looping around in the carousel.

I then slowly held the leather handle of the bag and adjusted myself as I attached my feet to the ground. I valiantly tugged the 30kg bag and it rolled across the marble floor and in doing so, draining all my energy for what felt like a hundred miles.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I felt as if I should've been rewarded for my quest for my suitcase. A year old spirit was in my body. I decide a Caffe Latte from Starbucks and sat down on the bench as I firmly pressed my

back to the cushioned wall.

Indulging in the warm, golden and aromatic elixir was amazing. My eyes shut as the scent of the coffee infused with the air and the the sweet, melodious music which continued to ring around my ear canals made me go to sleep.

It could be the most pleasant and luxurious day snooze I have ever experienced since the day I slept in my mother's arms.

I looked at the cold barren snow which accumulated at the surface of the aperture of the viewing glass. I then looked at the stippled ceiling of the coffee shop and caressed myself to a long and everlasting dream of sunshine and freedom.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account